

Small Wonders

A Giant Addition

The Toys search for Stern the Owl and come upon something they've never seen before.

Lesson Link: There is a purpose to everything, even if we can't see it. The Church is called to welcome in strangers and teach them the things of God. One thing that God teaches us is that everything has a purpose; nothing is random or useless.

The Toys held their lamps up high.

"They're certainly easy to follow," Percy the Possum said, looking at the giant footprints.

"And fun!" said Trifles the Kitten, who jumped into one.

The footprints were so deep, they couldn't see Trifles anymore.

"Come out," Tell-Tale the Mouse said. "You don't know where they've been!"

The moon seemed bigger than usual as it poured light on the meadow they now walked through.

"Funny that this *thing* didn't come until after Manifold left," Pinnetti the Puppet said.

Granna the Rabbit said, "Funny that the white birds hadn't arrived until after Manifold left."

The footprints continued into the Brackenbury Forest. They created a new path by knocking the trees this way and that.

"This thing is big *and* strong," Pencil-Neck the Brachiosaurus said.

Granna noticed that the Toys weren't scared. And every now and then she saw the white birds in branches and bushes ahead of them.

Pinnetti the Puppet, who was in the front of the search party, stopped. "This wasn't here before," he said.



The Toys came around him to look. A wall blocked their way.

"Who put this here?" Percy the Possum asked. "And *when*? We would have heard someone building a wall this big."

"It isn't a wall; it's a foot," came a voice from above them.

The Toys looked up to see Stern the Owl flying downward. He landed on the top of the wall that was really a foot.

"Whose foot?" Overbite the Beaver asked.

To answer the question, a giant square face came into view overhead. "It is mine," it said in a deep and rumble voice.

The giant square face was connected to a giant square head on top of a giant square body with two giant square arms and hands on the sides and two giant square legs belonging to the giant square foot in front of them and another giant square foot that the Toys only now saw to their left.

The giant squares were made of smaller squares that Overbite, who would know, said were “building blocks.”

“His name is Blox,” Stern the Owl said.

“Is he a robot like Manifold?” asked Kevin the Duck.

“No,” Stern replied. “But he isn’t a cuddly toy either.”

“What is he doing here?” Percy asked.

“He’s lost,” Stern said.

That’s when Stern explained how Blox, being lost, wandered into the Kind Garden and tripped over Stern’s home, knocking it over and sending Stern tumbling off of his perch just as he was about to finish a song he’d been working on all day. “But now the song is completely gone from my head,” he added, with an accusing look at the giant.

“Sorry,” Blox said.

Stern said proudly, “I decided, since I was used to the dark, that I would help Blox find his way home. We followed his footprints one way and then another way and then another way until I saw that we were following his *lost* footprints and not the *leading him home* footprints.”

“Where does he live?” Percy asked.

“Ah!” said Stern. “That’s the trouble. Blox doesn’t *remember* where he lives or how he got here.”

“Then Blox is welcome to live with us in the Kind Garden until he remembers,” Granna said.

“That’s very nice of you,” Blox said.

Percy groaned. “Now the long journey home.”

“Would you like a ride?” Blox asked.

“Yes, please!” shouted Trifles.

Blox helped them onto the tops of his feet, except Percy, who he tucked carefully under his arm.

The sun was coming up now and Blox could see a lot of things he couldn’t see in the dark.

“What are those?” he asked. They were trees. “What about those?” he asked. They were bushes. And grass. And leaves. And logs. And . . . it became clear to the Toys that Blox had never seen any of the things they knew.

Percy asked, “What are things like where you come from?”

“Square and hard,” he said.

They were back in the Kind Garden quickly.

Granna stayed with Blox after the other Toys went home to have little naps because they’d been up half the night.

Blox carefully sat down in the park.

“Everything is so round and curvy and wiggly here,” Blox said to Granna. “Where I come from, everything is square and straight and fits where it should so there are no pieces left over. What’s the purpose of these round, curvy things?”

Granna smiled. “Everything in the world has a purpose. It all fits the way it should. You’ll see.”

Blox lay down. “A tiny nap would be nice,” he said.

“I hope you don’t toss and turn in your sleep,” Granna said.

Questions:

1. **Why does Blox not know what trees and grass and bushes are?** (They don’t have those where he comes from.)
2. **What did Granna tell him about why things are different?** (Even if you don’t understand it, everything in the world has a purpose and fits the way it should. Sometimes it takes time to see how.)